

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Queen carowles to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good Madam.

*King.* *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

*Quee.* I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

*Quee.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My Lord Ile hit him now.

*King.* I doe not think't.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so? come on.

*Ostr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

*King.* Part them, they are incens't.

*Ham.* Nay come againe.

*Ostr.* Looke to the Queen there ho.

*Hora.* They bleed on both sides, how is't my Lord?

*Ostr.* How is't *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Why as a woodcock to mine own sprindge *Ostricke*,  
I am justly kill'd with mine owne treachery.

*Ham.* How does the Queene?

*King.* She swounes to see them bleed.

*Que.* No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Hamlet*,  
The drinke, the drinke, I am poysoned.

*Ham.* O villaine! ho let the doore be lockt,  
Treachery, seeke it out.

*Laer.* It is here *Hamlet*; thou art slaine,  
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,  
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated and envenom'd, the foule practice  
Hath turn'd it selfe on me; lo here I lye  
Never to rise againe: thy mother's poyson'd,  
I am no more, the King, the King's to blame:

*Ha.* The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

All.

## Prince of Denmarke.

All. Treason, treason.

*King.* O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here thou incestuous damned *Dane*,

Drinke off this potion: is the Onyx here?

Follow my mother. (selfe.)

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd, it is a poyson temper'd by him-

Exchange forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*,

Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:

I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu.

You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death

Is strict in his arrest) O I could tell you;

But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,

Thou livest, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

*Hora.* Never beleeeve it,

I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,

Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As th'art a man

Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hav't:

O God *Horatio* what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine

Totell my story: what warlike noise is this?

Enter *Ostricke*.

*Ostr.* Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from *Poland*

Th'Embassadors of *England* gives this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I dye *Horatio*,

The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit;

I cannot live to heare the newes from *England*,

But I doe prophesie the election lights

On *Fortinbrasse*; he has my dying voice,

So tell him, with th'occurents more and lesse

Which